

The Los Angeles Times

Published by THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY, 228 N. W. CORNER OF FIRST AND BROADWAY, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

BY THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY.
H. G. OTIS, President and General Manager.
W. A. SPALDING, Vice-President.
C. C. ALLEN, Secretary.
ALBERT MCARDLAND, Treasurer.

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The Los Angeles Weekly Mirror (12 pages) is published every Saturday morning at 50¢ per year, or \$1 for six months.
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Classified Advertising Today: Number of Columns, 84; Number of Separate Advertisements, 392.

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endeavor to devise some means of acquainting the public with the correct analysis of the various brands by a co-operation with the State Board of Health and the State Analyst, and also undertake to establish a depot in San Francisco where the wares of pure olive oil producers will be offered for sale, the merchants of that city having refused to place these goods on the market. As soon as plans are formulated a public meeting will be called. The law against adulteration, passed by the late Legislature, is said to be inadequate, as it does not provide any legal test of the oil.

THE ORANGE CARNIVAL.

Some favorable reports of the Southern California orange carnival in Chicago are reprinted from Chicago papers, and appear on the ninth page of today's TIMES. The carnival is also pronounced success.

There was a big crowd at the carnival yesterday. The dispatch says that as fast as the people of that city find out that the exhibit is there they are beginning to pour in. We must not forget that, in a large city like Chicago, comparatively few people probably have even been aware of the existence of the display, as there was scarcely any advance mention in the papers. Large excursions are now organizing from Indiana and other places. The Chicago Inter Ocean compliments the display highly. The orange carnival is certainly, even so far, a success beyond the most sanguine hopes of the originators of the enterprise. Its effect in stimulating immigration to this section will undoubtedly be great. Let us be encouraged by this success to still greater efforts. Let us strike while the iron is hot and blow our trumpet for it is worth. There are thousands in the East who would come here tomorrow if they knew the truth about this section. Let us see that they learn the facts.

RIVERSIDE'S COSTLY MISTAKE.

The Riverside Press says: As was to be expected, the failure of Riverside to be represented at the Chicago orange carnival is attracting much attention in that city. Well, it can't be helped now, but they will find out on hand at the Columbian Fair.

That may be, but it will then be too late to retrieve the grave error which Riverside committed in failing to participate in the citrus fair and carnival. Three months ago Riverside was admittedly far in the lead of other orange-growing sections of California, as far as reputation was concerned. Fine fruit from other sections was labeled "Riverside" and, merely on account of that name, it obtained a higher price. Today, Riverside must take its place alongside of Pomona, Ontario, Redlands, Alhambra, Duarte and half a dozen other orange-growing sections, whose names have sprung into deserved prominence. The people of the country have learned that all the fine oranges are not grown at Riverside. Dealers have learned it, also, and will stop paying fancy prices for the name.

It would be a conservative estimate to place the money value of Riverside's mistake at \$100,000.

The Governor of Maine admitted in his recent message that prohibition in the cities of the State is a failure, and recommended "the strengthening of the prohibition laws."

AMUSEMENTS.

THIS WEEK'S ATTRACTIONS.—After a short vacation both theaters will resume operations this week. The Los Angeles Theater opens tonight with a farce-comedy, entitled *A Social Session*, which is introduced with the statement, now tolerably familiar, that it is written "for laughing purposes only." The company carries a band, which makes a street parade in Hilarious uniform.

At the Grand Opera House Cleveland's Minstrels begin a short engagement on Thursday evening next. They bring the Craig family of acrobats with them, eight in number. The Craigs are among the best performers in their line on the stage today.

RELIGIOUS NOTES.

Since January 1 fully 1000 new Christian Endeavor societies have been reported, and there has been an increase of 50,000 membership.

Dr. Johnson said: "The duties of religion, sincerely and regularly performed, will always be sufficient to exalt the meager and to exercise the highest understanding."

M. P. O'Connor, the San José capitalist who presented the splendid sanitarium in that city to the Sisters of Charity, is now building a chapel for the use of the Sisters and patients.

It is understood that the completion of the Talmage Tabernacle in Brooklyn is retarded because of some financial difficulty between the contractors and the trustees, which, however, may soon be adjusted.

A little over 52 per cent. of the whole amount of money collected in the Methodist church for missions is expended on foreign missions, and a little over 40 per cent. on missions in the United States.

A New York paper says that it is a singular peculiarity of some people who rent church pews that they expect to be granted the privilege of occupying them on the occasion of weddings, whether they know the contracting parties or not.

MEN AND WOMEN.

Gen. Butler's autobiography is to be out in the fall and those who know say that there is a good deal of cayenne pepper in some of the chapters.

Miss Anna Dickinson, whose mental troubles have excited the sympathy of a host of friends, is to appear in the next few weeks at "Interpines," in Goshen, N. Y.

Miss Helen Betts was an instructor on the sewing machine in Ohio twenty years ago. Now she is an M. D., and is going to Berlin to study the Koch method.

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts has left England for a ramble through Italy. Her health is very precarious and the effects of her recent accident are telling severely upon her.

ITALIANS ABROAD.

National Traits of Economy and Independence.

HOW THEY THRIVE IN AMERICA

The Colonies in California.—The Mafia and Lazzaroni.—Twenty-five Thousand in San Francisco.

"It is surprising, the lack of general information among Americans concerning Italy and the Italians," remarked a well-known Italian merchant in the course of conversation relative to the recent Italian agitation, with a San Francisco Bulletin reporter.

"There is not a country in the world that has made the progress that Italy has since the beginning of Italian unity in 1860. She has had to fight the strongest enemy to her independence and progress at home, in the priests and the church. Italian unity has deprived the Pope of his temporal power almost entirely, and it is because of this chiefly that our news from Italy concerning government affairs is so often purposely colored—all to show that the government has been a failure. That statement in the Bulletin Friday regarding the Italian government's expenditure of \$20,000,000 is nonsense, but the fact that it comes from Dublin is the explanation. Many of the Associated Press correspondents throughout Italy are foreigners; few of them are of the liberal class, in sympathy with the government of today."

"I do not care to defend the Italians of New Orleans or anywhere else if they have done wrong. I think the law should be upheld. I favor restricted immigration of all nations. Even immigrants who come here should have to show that he is not a criminal; that he can read and write, and he should have enough money to start him along, so he will not be dependent."

THE ITALY OF TODAY.

"But think Americans forget the Italian character abroad and forget that they have had to overcome in their national affairs at home. The fact is the government discourages immigration, for they now need all the labor at home to develop the country's resources. They even refuse passports to men before a certain age, but the shipping companies, not long of French and British vessels chiefly, get the Italian peasants to secrete themselves aboard the steamers and get away."

"About the Mafia? That is an organization which exists to the present day in Italy. It was originally many years ago a patriotic society in Naples, organized because the monarch was a tyrant. It is possible that in this country there are men who once belonged to it in Naples, and they have used the name for different purposes. Only last week a Creole from New Orleans told me that American politics and business jealousy were really at the bottom of all the trouble there, and not the Mafia. I believe the war scare was largely on paper. It is the general belief of Italians that the recall of Baron Fava, the minister to this country, was due to his being mixed up in a recent tobacco speculation. Italy is a tobacco country. It is supplied throughout the kingdom by the government. In every town a certain number of shops, according to population, are designated as places where tobacco and salt may be sold. The government, not long ago, bought a lot of tobacco through a New York house, and Fava, it was said, made a big commission out of the trade, although the assertion was never proved. It is very doubtful if the Italian government has any war measures suddenly, for the Italian Parliament was the first to suggest, a few years since, the formation among the nations of the earth of an international arbitration commission, which should peacefully settle all national disputes."

THE ITALIANS IN AMERICA.

"It is a mistake for the people to think all Italians in this country are paupers or criminals. In Italy there are today few, if any, paupers. They were developed by the peculiar condition of things in Italy between 1815 and 1860, while the clergy were all powerful. It was the practice to deal out soup once a day from the convents to the poor, and this prevailed a life of idleness among the population. Through the efforts of our great Cavour and Garibaldi, Crispi and Victor Emmanuel, all this condition of affairs in Italy is now changed. Italy is now a free country, and does not account for himself, he is arrested. In 1861 was the proclamation of Italian independence, and Italian unity was completed in 1870 by the government's troops entering Rome. The power of the religious corporation of Italy was annulled, and the Pope's temporal power confined to the Vatican."

"Look at the changes since 1860. See what we have had to contend with, and we wonder the government has some indebtedness. Before, we had no railroads to speak of, no schools, no navy, no industries. Everything had to be built new. Mount Cenis tunnel, to get to France, and St. Gothard, to get to Germany, had to be built at the cost money. We now make at home, cotton, linen, silks; we have a navy yard as large as any in England. Our public schools are everywhere, so that today there are only about 25 per cent. of the population that cannot read and write."

THE ITALIAN POPULATION OF SAN FRANCISCO.

"In San Francisco we have now between 20,000 and 25,000 Italians. I claim they are economical, law-abiding, and nearly all become good citizens. Seldom do you see an Italian drunk; they drink wine at home, but do not go to saloons and make disturbances. The Italian is a hard worker, and men have homes of their own. There are many Greek and Slavonian fishermen here who have no family ties, and when they get in trouble the Italians get the credit. The Italians are very independent by principle. The Genoese are the vegetable gardeners chiefly. Few work for wages, all own a share—a quarter or a fifth—in the garden, and when one gets \$100 or \$150 ahead he sets up in business for himself. Seldom do you find an Italian in the almshouse or county hospital. None are millionaires, but all are well-to-do. There is no misery in the Italian colony in California. Nearly all belong to some benevolent organization. The Italian is a hard worker, and men have homes of their own. 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TENTH YEAR.

LOS ANGELES, SUNDAY, APRIL 19, 1891.—TWELVE PAGES.

PRICE: (Single Copies 5 Cents.
By the Week 3 Cents.)

THE ORANGE CARNIVAL.

What Two Chicago Papers Say About It.

WORDS OF UNSTINTED PRAISE

An Admitted Novelty of a Captivating Description—Oranges by the Carload—The Artistic Designs.

(Chicago Herald, April 11.) Southern California's great fruit carnival was opened at the Exposition building last night, and even that big structure failed to accommodate the thousands of persons who crowded up to the doors. So dense was the throng inside that it seriously interfered with the view of the golden exhibit. All Southern California, from the Mojave desert to the Tehachapi mountains, has sent its oranges to the carnival. Hundreds of thousands of the golden fruit are there to be taken in with one glance of the eye. The Fruit Growers' Association intends to spend thousands of dollars, regardless of the cost of the fruit or of transportation, in order to give the Chicago public an adequate idea of the resources of the Pacific Slope. Twenty-eight persons arrived in this city Sunday from the lower part of the Golden State, together with the greater part of the exhibit. They started immediately to show to the metropolis of the West an imitation of the recent fruit exhibition at Los Angeles.



The Orange county orange.

Profiting by their experience there, the gentlemen have improved on their designs, added the interesting display from Orange county, and now present a spectacle never equaled before. Starting at the door, the visitor sees a glorious orange thirty-seven feet in circumference made up of thousands of the smaller fruit. Behind it is the rest of the Orange county product—baskets and pyramids of lemons, lemons and oranges, with a car on wheels, indicating that all are sold in carload lots. To the left is the additional display made by Calhoun of oil wine and other things that make glad the heart of man.

Then comes the beautiful arch forty-six feet in span of Redlands, representing in its background the greatest of reservoirs, that of Bear Valley. Next is the exhibit from Ontario. People of that town are proudest of their Euclid avenue, a magnificent thoroughfare 200 feet wide stretching from the Southern Pacific station up a steep grade full seven miles to the city. When the foot of the mountain is reached the cars, drawn thither by horses, are lifted and placed upon cable platforms for the steeper ascent. At the carnival is exhibited a car composed of oranges, with horses standing behind, as they do at home, in order to draw the car when it reaches the higher level. The Upper San Gabriel Valley, with separate exhibits from its three villages—Glendora, Covina and Azusa—shows a model of Cleopatra's Needle and fruit enough to give seventy-three small boys a whole hog for ten days. The salient point of the whole exhibit is the Courthouse of Los Angeles, standing upon an eminence and built, except the clock, of Mandarin oranges and lemons. The bay and harbor at San

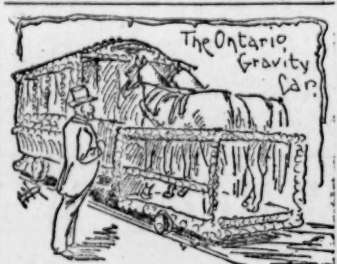


Courthouse of Tangarinas.

Diego with its Point Loma are represented, guavas and all, in the golden-yellow fruit, with oranges and lemons laden ships, wharves and piers. Exhibits of the various products of that glorious climate follow. The beautiful model of the old Mission of the Franciscan monks at San Gabriel stands at one side of the entrance, with steps, ruined walls, and the old Spanish belfry carefully portrayed. In the center are architectural designs not less pretentious and impressive. Duarte has a great mosque, crescent-topped, admitting a score of persons beneath its bulging minaret, while to the north is the great obelisk of Pasadena. This alone required some 24,000 oranges of assorted kinds. Navel, St. Michael, Malta bloods and Mediterranean Sweets, choicest of all the Golden Coast products. Nearly two hundred boxes made up a thirty-eight feet of solid oranges, with the palm and pampas plumes atop, bringing the total height of the column to fifty feet.

The Santa Barbara exhibit was in hard luck. The first night out, before it had crossed the mountains, the train tumbled down an embankment, and left nothing but fragments. By tonight, with characteristic western enterprise, a new lot of fruit will be exhibited and the original idea of a beautiful tropical garden will be carried out. At the entrance to this garden will stand

two great fan palms. Behind them are the strawberry guava of Japan in full fruit, from which comes the famous jelly. The Abyssinian banana, too, is here, both in fruit and flower, the latter measuring some ten feet in length. There is also a sweet lime nearly ten inches in length, having all the flavor of the smaller fruit without its excessive acidity. Custard apples, cherimoya, Egyptian papyrus, giant bamboo, branches that break from a tree five years old and fifty-two feet in height. Then there are two date palms containing six bunches of fruit weighing from sixty to eighty pounds apiece, branch from a lemon tree eleven feet long and grown in one season of four months. All this with raisins, and olives, citron, lemon and orange trees in both blossom and fruit, will hardly give a complete idea of the finest exhibit Santa Barbara has ever made. The designs, not less original than striking, are due to the various exhibitors. Much praise must be given



The Ontario Gravity Car.

to Frank Perkins, the constructing architect accompanying the party, who has had all the details of the erection of these beautiful models under his care. Nothing has been wasted through it all, though the amount of work has thereby been more than doubled. All the fruit is inclosed in wires and nothing is shown that is unfit for human food. Little or no grape fruit is on view, but the visitor may see the pomelo, that curious pear-shaped citrus, said to be equally palatable. From the gallery the best view is obtained, 350,000 oranges, besides the other fruits, gleaming to the eye. Two thousand cases have been emptied to give some idea of the land that is to be the fruit-growing garden of the civilized world.

Among the Californians interested in the exhibit are Dr. Wilder, president of the Woman's Annex of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce; C. M. Wells, president of the Fruit-Growers' Association; and of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, H. J. Hanck, secretary of the chamber; J. W. Cook, Supervisor of Los Angeles county; Frank Wiggins, his assistant; M. H. Wright, Barney Williams, J. W. Banberry, Pasadena; L. S. Bridge, J. West, Glendora; G. D. Bunch, L. Bequette, Rivera; C. L. Lound, Pomona; W. Friend, Ontario; H. H. Sinclair, Redlands; H. O. Fosdick, Tustin; C. L. Lloyd, Santa Barbara; A. C. Weeks, Alhambra; L. E. Allen, San Diego; R. H. Young, editor of the San Diego Southwestern.

(Chicago Tribune, April 14.) The orange carnival opened at the Exposition building to a big crowd last night. The air was heavy with the odor of the fruit and the shabby old building was transfigured with golden globes, plumes of pampas, and nodding palm leaves. Oranges were strung into stunning decorations for the gallery rails; they were woven into the fabric of flags and piled into obelisks, pyramids, pagodas and mosques; they made a courthouse and a cathedral, a storm at sea and a mission church; they took as many shapes as the flowers at Washington Park. The "Carnival" is a novelty for Chicago. Los Angeles has had one for two years. Out there they call it the "Carnival of Oranges," and it is the same thing, but the southern California fruit-growers have put in their best work, and this show is the biggest they have ever given. No one can truthfully say how many thousands of oranges are piled in the one half the building. They have been coming in carloads for days, and it has taken scores of men and women to get them into place.

Most of the big groves of the slope are represented in the Carnival. The first exhibit the visitor sees on entering comes from Orange county. It is a monstrous orange made up of 48,000 Washington Navel, which, upon the word of Maj. Ben Truman, are the greatest of the citrus family, sir. Beside the big orange is a basket of oranges, robed with "Mediterranean Sweets" and "St. Michael's," and surrounded by little pyramids of oranges and tall palms. The towns of Santa Ana and Tustin are represented in this exhibit.

Beyond the Orange county display is a bazaar whose rear wall has been picturesquely treated in canvas and oranges as a dam and reservoir—the oranges being the dam and the reservoir having been placed on a canvas with a whitewash brush and a pile of paint. The front of the bazaar is built of oranges and lemons, and the same fruits have been strung across the arch to denote the names of the groves. "Bedlands, Bear Valley Dam," a street car built of Navel oranges and Malta bloods stood next to the dam; a pair of dapple-grey horses on a truck, with their heads toward the dashboard, stood in front of the car. They came from Ontario, Cal. The horses pull the car loaded with oranges from O. tario, six miles to the foothills, a rise of 1110 feet. Then they get on the truck and ride back down hill.

Ontario also has a table. Next to it are a pyramid and obelisk of oranges contributed by Glendora, Los Angeles county. The obelisk and the pyramid are festooned with Monterey cypress. The display from Santa Barbara, when complete, will add to that of Glendora, and will be one of the most striking in the collection. At present it is badly damaged as a result of a railway accident. Here visitors will see oranges and lemon trees in bloom, and half a dozen date palms and banana plants, and will be one of the most striking in the collection. At present it is badly damaged as a result of a railway accident. Here visitors will see oranges and lemon trees in bloom, and half a dozen date palms and banana plants, and will be one of the most striking in the collection.

At the north end of the hall the people of Los Angeles have constructed a representation of the Courthouse in that town. It is built of small fruits, Tangarinas and lemons, with beautiful scroll work of figs and raisins on the front walls, and appetizing window-sills of California figs. The Courthouse frowns upon the bay and lighthouse of San Diego, done true to nature in lemons and oranges. Rivera, Los Angeles county, has a pagoda of oranges and walnuts, and Duarte contributes a mosque. Alhambra has a handsome display. The center piece is the figure of the old Mission Church of San Gabriel,

which was built 114 years ago. A few years later the fathers planted vines and orange trees which are living to this date.

A pyramid of oranges fifty feet high crowned with pampas plumes and flags is the representation of Pasadena. There are 24,000 oranges in it, all grown in a region that was a desert eighteen years ago.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA PRESS COMMENT.

Riverside Press: And Riverside isn't in it. San Diego Union: Every resident of San Diego County will rejoice over the splendid success which attended the opening of the orange carnival in Chicago on Monday night.

Bakersfield Californian: The citrus fair, transferred from Los Angeles to Chicago, was opened last night, and is one of the strongest appeals to the visual organs, and the physical senses generally, as far as its scope extends, that was ever made.

Santa Paula Chronicle: The Exposition building was crowded with admiring spectators gazing in open-mouthed wonder at our wealth of golden apples. In the meantime, enthusiastic telegrams are sent over the wires to the home papers, and California struts and crows to the less favored East. "Look at us, don't you wish you lived where these things grow?" Arizona Republican: The Southern California citrus fair, which was transferred from Los Angeles to Chicago, opened last night in the latter city in a blaze of glory. It will be worth thousands of dollars to our western neighbors, and will do more to attract attention to Southern California than any of the great advertising schemes ever devised.

AN INTREPID FISHERMAN.



Waiting for bass.



Ah! A bite!



But he hangs on to the rod.



Recovers his position.



And pulls out a basket.

LEAVES FROM THE AUTHORS.

A New Intellectual Game That Is Likely to Become Very Popular.

A pretty game for the entertainment of an evening company without resorting to cards or dancing is called the author's potpourri, and is a form of intellectual entertainment that is becoming more popular each year, says the Detroit Free Press. A large number of leaves are made of tissue paper of the pale-green shades, or if preferred of a perfect rainbow of colors. After being carefully shaped, as in the accompanying diagram, they are inserted into the center and prettily crinkled over a knitting needle; one side is then folded over and a small card-shaped paper with a desirable quotation written on it is gummed to the end. Very light-weight paper is best for the latter purpose.

When the company is ready for serving the dish holding the leaves is passed, and each guest selects one, and upon reading the quotation gives the name of the author. If he does this correctly the leaf is his. If he fails the leaf is returned, and at the next passing the game is again.



The Bouquet of Quotation.

ing of the dish another is selected. Some will soon collect a large bouquet of leaves, and to the one having the largest number a pretty prize is given. A small book, containing all the quotations and the names of the authors written opposite each other, is to be furnished to the awarding committee.

A small patch of New Zealand flax or ramie will furnish an abundance of ever-ready soft ties for grape vines or fruit trees. Every fruit-grower and vineyardist should have a few plants of both.

Ex-Express Carlotta of Mexico is so far recovered from her mental troubles that she is able to take interest in the management of her home near Lacken and the control of the beautiful estate in which it is placed.

UNDER THE EQUATOR.

Among the Coral Atolls of the South Seas.

PEARLY SHELLS—SOLDIER CRABS

Fakarava and Rotova—Fringes of Palms—Purple and Piled Shells—Pandanus Fruit and Coconut Boats.

(Copyright, 1891.)

By a little before noon we were running down the coast of our destination, Fakarava: the air very light, the sea near smooth, though still we were accompanied by a continuous murmur from the beach, like the sound of a distant train. The island of a huge lagoon, the inclosed lagoon thirty miles by ten or twelve, and the coral topography, which they call the land, some eighty or ninety miles (possibly) one far-long. That part by which we sailed was all raised; the underwood exceedingly green, the topping wood of coconuts continuous—a mark, if I had known it, of man's intervention. For once more—and once more unconsciously—we were within hail of fellow-creatures, and that vacant beach was but a pistol shot from the capital city of the archipelago. But the life of an atoll, unless it be inclosed, passes wholly on the shores of a lagoon; it is there the villages are seated, there the canoes ply and are drawn up; and the beach of the ocean is a place accursed and deserted, the site only for wreckage and shipwreck, and in the native eye of a haunting ground of murderous specters.

By and by we might perceive a breach in the low barrier; the woods ceased; a glittering point ran into the sea, tipped with an emerald shoal, the mark of entrance. As we drew near we met a little run of sea—the private sea of the lagoon having their origin and end, and here, in the jaws of the gateway, trying vain conclusions with the more majestic heave of the Pacific. The Maeco scarce avowed a shock; but there are times and circumstances when these harbor mouths of inland basins vomit floods, deflecting, hurrying, and devastating ships. For conceive a lagoon perfectly sealed but in the one point, and that of merely navigable width; conceive the tide and wind to have heaped for hours together in that coral fold a superfluity of waters—and the tide to change and the wind fall—the open sluice of some great reservoir at home will give an image of that unstemmable effluxion.

We were scarce well headed for the pass before all the heads were craned over the rail. For the water, showing under our board, became changed in a moment to surprising hues of blue and gray; and in its excellent transparency the coral branched and blossomed, and the fish of the island sea cruised visibly below us, stained and striped, and even beaked like parrots. I have paid in my time to view many curiosities; never one so curious as that first sight over the ship's rail in

the lagoon of Fakarava. But let not the reader be deceived with hope. I have since entered some dozen of the lagoons in different parts of the Pacific, and the experience has never been repeated in this sea. He told me that he and two ship captains walked to the sea beach. There for a while they viewed the on-coming breakers, till one of the captains clapped his hand suddenly before his eyes and cried aloud that he could endure no longer to behold them. This was in the afternoon; in the dark hours of the night the sea burst upon the island like a flood; the settlement was razed, all but the church and presbytery; and, when day returned, the survivors saw themselves clinging in an abattoir of uprooted coconuts and ruined houses.

Danger is but a small consideration. But men are more nicely sensible of a discomfort; and the atoll is a discomfortable home. There are some, and these probably ancient, where a deep soil has formed and the most valuable fruit trees prosper. I have walked in one, with equal admiration and surprise, through a forest of huge breadfruit, eating bananas and stumbling among taro as I went. This was in the atoll of Namorik in the Marshall group, and stands alone in my experience. To give the opposite extreme, which is yet far nearer the average, I will describe the soil and productions of Fakarava. The surface of that narrow strip is for the most part of broken coral inclosures, like volcanic clinkers, and excruciating to the naked foot. In some atolls I believe not in Fakarava, it gives a fine metallic ring when struck. Here and there you come upon a bank of sand, exceeding fine and white, and these parts are the least productive. The plants (such as they are) spring from sand and love the sand, whence they grow with that wonderful verdancy that makes the beauty of the atoll from the sea. The coconuts in particular luxuriate in that stony soil; striking down its roots to the brackish, percolated water, and



A South Sea trader and his wife

itself has suffered; the trees immediately beyond my house were all of recent replantation; and Anna is only now recovered from a heavier stroke. I knew one who was stricken and surprised through a that he and two ship captains walked to the sea beach. There for a while they viewed the on-coming breakers, till one of the captains clapped his hand suddenly before his eyes and cried aloud that he could endure no longer to behold them. This was in the afternoon; in the dark hours of the night the sea burst upon the island like a flood; the settlement was razed, all but the church and presbytery; and, when day returned, the survivors saw themselves clinging in an abattoir of uprooted coconuts and ruined houses.

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bearing his green head in the wind with every evidence of health and pleasure. And yet even the coconuts must be helped in infancy with some extraneous nutriment; and through much of the Low Archipelago there is planted with each nut a piece of ship's biscuit and a rusty nail. The pandanus comes next; in importance, being also a food tree; and he, too, does bravely, a great bush, one mild runs everywhere; occasionally a purao is seen, and there are several useless weeds. According to M. Cuzent, the whole number of plants on an atoll such as Fakarava will scarce exceed, even if it reaches to the score. Not a blade of grass appears; not a grain of humus, save when a sack or two has been imported to make the semblance of a garden, such gardens as bloom in cities on the window sill. Insect life is sometimes denser; a cloud of mosquitoes, and, what is far worse, a plague of flies blackening our food, has sometimes driven us from a meal on Apemama; and

At night the lantern was run up and lit a vacant pier. We landed and walked long. In one house lights were seen and voices heard, where the population (I was told) sat playing cards. A little beyond, from deep in the darkness of the palm grove, we saw the glow and smelt the aromatic odor of a coal of coconut husk, a relic of the evening kitchen. Crocota sang; some shrill thing whistled in a tuft of weeds, and the mosquito hummed and stung. There was no other trace that night of man, bird or insect in the tale. The moon, now three days old and still but a silver crescent, cast a still visible sphere, shone through the palm canopy with vigorous and scattered lights. The alleys where we walked were smoothed and weeded like a boulevard; here and there a house sat out; here and there dusky cottages clustered in the shadow, some with balconies. A public garden by night, a rich and fashionable watering place in a by-season, offer sights and vistas not dissimilar. And still, on the one side, stretched the lapping mere, and from the other the deep sea still growled in the night. But it was most of all on board, in the dead hours, when I had been better sleeping, that the spell of Fakarava seized me. The harbor lantern was down; the harbor lantern and two of the greater planets drew vari-colored wakes on the lagoon. From shore the cheerful watch cry of cocks rang out at intervals above the organ-pipe of surf. And the thought of this depopulated capital, this protracted thread of annular island with its crest of coconuts and fringe of breakers, and that tranquil inland sea that stretched before me till it touched the stars, ran in my head for hours even with delight.

So long as I stayed upon that isle these thoughts were constant. I lay down to sleep, and awoke again with an unbidden sense of my surroundings. I was never weary of calling up the image of that narrow causeway, on which I lay my dwelling, lying coiled like a serpent, tail to mouth, in the outrageous ocean. And I was never weary of passing—a mere quarter-deck parade—from the one side to the other, from the shady, habitable shores of the lagoon to the blinding desert and uproarious breakers of the opposite beach. The sense of insecurity in such a thread of residence is more than fanciful. Hurricanes and tidal waves overlap these humble obstacles. Oceanus remembers his strength, and, where houses stood and palms flourished, shakes his white beard again over the barren coral. Fakarava

even in Fakarava the mosquitoes were a pest. The land crab may be seen scuttling to his hole, and at night the rats besiege the houses, and the artificial gardens. The crab is good eating; possibly so is the rat; I have not tried. Pandanus fruit is made, in the Gilberts, into an agreeable sweetmeat, such as a man may trifle with at the end of a long dinner; for a substantial meal I have no use for it. The rest of the food supply, in a destitute atoll such as Fakarava, can be summed up in the favorite jest of the archipelago: coconut beefsteak. Coconut green, coconut ripe, coconut germinated, coconut to eat and coconut to drink; coconut raw and cooked, coconut hot and cold—such is the bill of fare. And some of the entries are do doubt delicious. The germinated nut, cooked in the shell and eaten with a spoon, forms a good pudding; coconut milk—the expressed juice of a ripe nut, not the water of a green one—goes well in coffee, and is a valuable adjunct in cookery through the South Seas, and coconut salad, if you be a millionaire and can afford to eat the value of a field of corn for your dessert, is a dish to be remembered with affection. But when all is done there is a sameness, and the Israelites of the low islands murmur at their manna.

The reader may think I have forgot the sea. The two beaches do certainly abound in life, and they are strangely different. In the lagoon the water shallowly on a bottom of fine silty sand, dotted with clumps of growing coral, and, in the morning hour, belted with the shadows of the shoreward palms. Then comes a strip of tidal beach, on which the ripples of the coral come in the width of the shell and the width of the reef. The holy water clam (*Tridacna*) grows plentifully; a little deeper lie the beds of the pearl oyster and sail the resplendent fish that charmed us at our entrance, and these are all more or less gorgeous in color. But the oyster shells are white like lime, or faintly tinted with a little pink; the palest possible display; many of them dead besides, and badly rolled. On the ocean side, on the mound of the steep beach, over all the width of the reef, right out to where the surf is bursting, in every cranny of the cutting coral, under every scattered fragment, an incredible plenty of marine life displays the most wonderful variety and brilliancy of hues. The reef itself has no passage of color, but is limited by some shell. Purple and red and white, and green and yellow, pied and striped and clouded, the living shells wear in every combination the liveliest of the dead reef—if the reef be dead, and the eye is continually baffled and the collector continually deceived. I have taken shells for stones and stones for shells, the one as often as the other. A prevailing character of the coral is to be dotted with small spots of red, and it is wonderful how many varieties of shell have adopted the same fashion and donned the disguise of the red spot. A shell I had found in plenty in the Marquesas. I found here also a shell with small spots of red, and it was wonderful how many varieties of shell have adopted the same fashion and donned the disguise of the red spot. A shell I had found in plenty in the Marquesas. I found here also a shell with small spots of red, and it was wonderful how many varieties of shell have adopted the same fashion and donned the disguise of the red spot.

Some 200 yards distant is the beach of the lagoon. Collect the shells from each, set them side by side, and you would suppose they came from different hemispheres; the one so pale, the other so brilliant; the one prevalently white, the other of a score of hues and infected with the scarlet spot like a disease. My own double collection of shells, long carefully held apart, was at last ruthlessly commingled, and my ignorance is too complete for reasoning. The fact of this opposition, at 200 yards of distance, is, however, sure; and it seems the more strange, since the hermit crabs pass and repass the island, and I have met them about the residency well, which is about central, journeying either way. Without doubt many of the shells in the lagoon are dead. But why are they dead? With-out doubt the living shells have a very different background set for imitation. But why are these so different? We are only on the threshold of the mysteries.

Either beach, I have said, abounds with life. On the sea-side and in certain atolls this profusion of vitality is even shocking; the rock under foot is

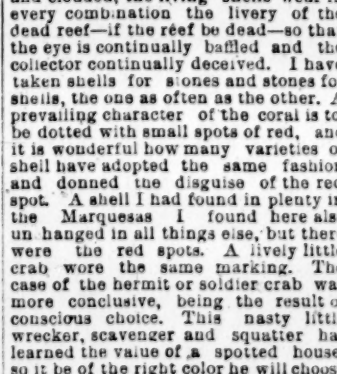
mined with it. I have broken off—in Funafuti and Arora—great lumps of ancient weathered rock that rang under my blows like iron, and the fracture has been full of pearly worms as long as my hand, as thick as a child's finger, of a slightly pinkish white, and set as close as three or even four to the square inch. Even in the lagoon, where certain shellfish seem to sicken, others (it is notorious) prosper exceedingly and make the riches of these islands. Fish, too, abound; the lagoon is a closed fish-pond, such as might rejoice the fancy of an abbot; sharks swarm there, and chiefly round the passages, to feast upon this plenty, and you would suppose that man had only to prepare his angle. Alas, it is not so. Of those painted fish that came in herds about the entering Cases some bore poisonous spines and others were poisonous if eaten. The stranger must refrain, or take his chance of painful and dangerous sickness. The native, on his own isle, is a safe guide; transplant him to



Pandanus, Fakarava.

the next, and he is helpless as yourself. For it is a question both of time and place. A fish caught in a lagoon may be deadly; the same fish caught the same day at sea, and only a few hundred yards without the passage may be wholesome eating; in a neighboring lagoon perhaps the case will be reversed; and perhaps a fortnight later you shall be able to eat of them idly from within and from without. According to the natives these bewildering vicissitudes are ruled by the movement of the heavenly bodies. The beautiful planet Venus plays a great part in all island tales and customs; and among other functions, some of them more awful, she regulates the season of good fish. With Venus in one phase, as we had her, certain fish were poisonous in the lagoon; with Venus in another, the same fish was harmless and a valued article of diet. Venus being the Paumotuian star of Hades and timekeeper of the dead, was perhaps not unreasonably adduced with this responsibility; the light that classes specters might be well thought to sicken fish. By all accounts besides, the periodicity is, for each isle, regular. The difficulty is that it should vary and be even reversed from isle to isle. Touched with a sense of this, M. Wilmont, counsellor-general—the author of an able pamphlet on the archipelago—made a number of well-considered experiments. Catching wholesome fish on the outside, he had them sunk in vivaria to different depths and over different bottoms in the lagoon. Over pearl shell it appears they remained innocuous; but the proximity of certain sorts of coral, above all in the season of its flowering, poisoned them in an exposure of twelve days. M. Wilmont found, moreover, that the time of flowering varied in the different kinds of coral, and that all appeared to follow the phases of the moon. Here, then, are the elements of a theory agreeing well with native observation. But the author must have been damped to find an exception in his own archipelago—the lagoon of Takarua, where the fish is at all seasons equally wholesome. And I will give him another. At the isle of Funafuti, the most singular and to me the most odious of atolls, the fish in the lagoon is always poisonous, the fish in the sea always wholesome.

A crafty theorist may yet find the means to harmonize these contradictions; and without doubt there is some truth in this hypothesis of the poisonous coral.



Watching for shoal water.

And here a caution comes in my mind. A naturalist might land upon some atoll, and seek to repeat my collections of shells; the chances are he would be disappointed. I have landed since on many atolls, and I have never even been reminded of that treachery of opposition overruled in Fakarava, each of these lawless islands being it would seem, a law unto itself. And again, he might come to Fakarava itself, and even there it is possible he might be disappointed. During my visit many of the fish were bad; the coral of the lagoon must have been passing through a deadly period, and perhaps the shells of the lagoon had suffered. Suppose, then, my naturalist to come when the conditions were reversed, and he might look almost in vain for an opposition that stared me in the face. One thing at least he might be able to explain. On the outer reef, where all life seems bound to imitation, two creatures stand out trenchantly without the least concealment; in black sea slugs, and horrible ink-black sea slugs. The latter, it is true, will sometimes bedest themselves with sand till scarce distinguishable; the first, with their coronet of sable spikes, are always crudely conspicuous.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

HUNTING WILD HORSES.

How They Are Corralled on the Montana Plains.

YOU BUY AND CATCH THE HERD

An Exciting Experience in the Summer of 1889—Wonderful Fleetness and Endurance of an Untamed Herd.

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As Montana has been in the past the veritable Elysian fields for countless herds of wild animals, so it is in the future destined to be the great home for domestic animals. The climate, water and feed of that romantic country unite perfectly the many qualities necessary to make it one of the great stock countries of the world. It seems, however, preeminently adapted for horses.

During the summer of 1889 I had bargained for four carloads of Western horses running in Gallatin Valley, Montana, about forty miles south of Bozeman. Having bought a specified number of horses at an agreed price per head, without having seen a horse that I was to have, only with the understanding that I was to have my pick of the best that could be caught, I was somewhat anxious to see my purchase.

They were from a brand of horses the most widely known of any in Montana, numbering about 8000 head, and famous for being the wildest horses in the West. They ran in a country about fifty miles square, including the

bottom lands, foothills and mountains lying between the Gallatin and Madison rivers, the two right-hand branches of the Big Missouri.

The present owner drove a band of 600 mares of Spanish-Arabian blood from California north, during the summer of 1870, and turned them loose for the winter in the Gallatin Valley. The summer had been very hot and dry, followed by a very severe winter, and the horses from the long drive were tired and thin in flesh. The following spring there were alive out of his 600 mares but 250. The owner being financially crippled by his loss, went to work in the mines, and left his horses to shift for themselves. They ran thus for about four years, with no care at all except an occasional inquiry from cruisers by the owner as to whether they were "located" in the country.

They did not travel more than twenty-five miles in any direction from the place where they had spent their first winter in Montana. During this time, the increase, consisting of the young stock from colts up to 4-year-olds, had not been branded, and the young stallions had not been castrated. The mares that came from California with the strong strain of Spanish blood were born traders; the stallions that ran with the herd were even better bred than the mares, so that at the end of four years when the owner began to try to handle his horses, he found to his amazement that, although he had some of the finest horses in the west, the western plains, he could not catch them. Although his riders were mounted on the best saddle horses to be had, some of them half thoroughbreds that could run their two miles in four minutes, they could not "round in" some of the swiftest of the main herd.

During their first four years' sojourn in this valley, the antelope, elk, buffalo and other wild animals had been their only associates. The silent vastness of the mountains and the grim solitude of the plains have the same effect on animals as on man. The stillness, so intense at times as to be almost painful, acts directly and powerfully on the senses. They become wider than the world, and the grim solitude of the plains have the same effect on animals as on man.

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for a few seconds, looking intently and earnestly at that strange object in the distance. The older members of the band quickly recognized the strange object as a man on horseback, riding at full speed toward them. They were startled, and the herd now "died" for safety. The fittest takes up the lead, and in the twinkling of an eye, "they" hit the high places and quit the flats. The rider follows at full speed, and, after he had chased for two or three miles, some of the mares begin to lag, are overtaken by the horseman and driven to the branding corral, but the leaders of the band make good their escape. This plan was kept up for some time, but it was evident that they were only getting the tail ends of the herds. One device led to another. Some days they would try to surround a band before they were started, and thus run them to the corral. In this they would sometimes succeed, but, arriving at the corral, here was something that the younger members of the herd had never seen, and terrified at being rushed up to this strange object, they would make a dash for the line of riders and almost fly for the mountains.

It would generally happen that after they had succeeded in corraling a band, they would find that just the horses they wanted were in the band. Thus the work progressed during the season; taking fresh horses each day, they just sought to run in with a band of mares and colts some unbranded filly or stallion that had never been in the corral before. Year after year they branded what they could capture, and trained the balance to run a little faster or endure a hard chase a little longer.

When I arrived at the ranch in July, 1889, the boys were set to work to run in some of the best geldings and mares. For two days I sat around the ranch and listened to the old man tell of his twenty years in the Rocky Mountains, and waited the return of the boys late in the afternoon with a hard day's chase with a small band of well-run horses. With the air of those fighting against fate, they would recount in the evening how several fine geldings got away from them. Boys who had been on the ranch for years knew by sight some of the most showy of these runaways, and they would tell about that fine dapple gray that runs in a certain valley, or "that high-headed, blazen-faced sorrel, with silver mane and tail," or "those two coal blacks that always ran together."

The morning of the third day I told the boys that I would like to go out with the boys and see for myself why those horses could not be run in; for in my own mind I had misgivings that they might intentionally leave back some of their best geldings.

Soon after sunrise eight of us, mounted on fresh horses, rode out from the ranch and headed for a plateau twelve miles away. We had in our group some of the owner's best horses, of true mettle and thoroughly game. My mount was a half thoroughbred, a veteran in the chase, who had before his capture led many a wild race, and since had acted a noble part. He was a bright bay, about a thousand pounds in weight, trim limbed, barrel body, well set shoulders and neck, strong loin, great lung capacity, an immense propelling power in thigh muscle, and an eye that expressed the unconquerable spirit of the horse that would die in the chase.

Arriving at the edge of the plateau the foreman briefly stated what they would try to do. Cautionally going up the back side of a knoll that overlooked the plateau we saw a level tract of country about four miles across, almost circular in shape, raised above

the surrounding country about three hundred feet. This was dotted here and there with small bands of horses of from ten to fifty in a band, and there seemed to be about five hundred horses in sight. I was left at this point, the other seven riders separating and going round the plateau on opposite sides, all the while keeping out of sight down among the foot-hills. The eight men were stationed equidistant around the plateau, about two miles apart. The plan was to set all those horses running and then, by quick movements of the riders, as they picked up a band, to keep the horses in motion until they were partially tired, letting as few escape off the plateau as possible and then gradually close in on them and by confusion and "milling" around, crowd them into being done, it would be a comparatively easy matter to look after the increase each succeeding spring.

But alas, how he had failed to reckon with his hosts! In the early summer of 1870, about forty tough, speedy saddle horses had been provided, and with six or seven expert riders, each with his California cow-boy saddle and his string of six saddle horses, the work of collecting the horses was begun in earnest.

It was in the month of May; horses had been on green grass for six weeks; if any had grown thin through the winter, they had grown sleek and fat. The sight of a man on horseback was the sorest sight that met the gaze of the younger herd. Curiosity changed to alarm, and in a few moments the herd was in rapid motion. Running for some distance until they gained a higher lookout, they came to a full stop; standing close together, every horse took up the attitude of alarm, head lifted high in the air, ears erect, eye-brows arched, holding their breath

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get away from him. How I wished that I was there to relieve him! As I was straining my eyes to catch every move, quick as a flash, a rider sprang into view from behind a knoll, where he had been stationed, and he had been watching the chase the same as I, and just at the right moment, gave rein to his anxious steed and took up the chase, running a little ahead of the band. The band noticed this new recruit, it merely swung back in its line of motion and came rushing on towards me. Just back of my position it broke off into a rough, wild, mountainous country, and to this they were headed. I believe the noble horse that I was riding knew just as well as I what was coming; from the time the horses first began to run, he had watched every movement most intently. The slight trembling of his muscles that I could feel under the saddle, showed how keenly he appreciated the scene before him.

The horse that bore the rider now made a good run of a mile and a half, but carrying a man of 150 pounds and a saddle of forty, he was not so well winded, he gradually lost ground, and when within half a mile of me I saw the band begin to sway in towards him, showing too clearly that they were running ahead, although from my position I could not tell which band was in the lead. Now was my opportunity; giving my horse the rein and leaning forward on his neck, in three jumps he was running at full speed towards the band, headed a little to the right of their head. The interval between space was quickly covered, and when



"Those two coal blacks that always ran together."

within fifty yards of the band, I stopped my horse as quick as I started, and, turning in his tracks as quick as a dog, in less time than it takes to tell I was running at full speed about forty yards to the right of and just a little in the lead of the band. Waving my sabre high in air, and yelling at the top of my voice, I managed to avert their course somewhat in toward the center of the plateau. The band now contained about fifteen head of barren mares and full-grown geldings some of them magnificent looking horses as I ever saw. They were as wet as if they had just swam a river, their heads and necks stretched to the front, nostrils widely dilated, and running with a long, sweeping jump, their wind and muscles did not seem to have failed them in the least. When they saw me they seemed to forge ahead faster than ever. I gave my horse the rein and made a quick mile.

Then, although not gaining much on me, they began to crowd me on to the upper points of the foot-hills that surround the plateau; over knolls and swales my horse swept on with the speed and grace of the Irish hunter, but being crowded on to this rough country, he was losing ground. The band was on my right, and on my left the country sloped off quite precipitously for 300 or 400 feet, rough and broken, washouts, shelving rocks and some places the ground perfectly covered with rolling boulders and fragments of rock. When the band was soon to end, for it seemed that no horse could make any speed down such a mountain side. I let my horse have full rein, but did not have the heart to urge him swiftly down such a rocky slope. He never slackened his speed, turning swiftly to the left, he headed directly for the plains below. He seemed to see as quickly as I that he was losing ground by running across ravines. I could hardly believe my eyes. Had the boy been wrong? I had run many a wild chase in Montana after some wounded mountain sheep, deer or antelope, or some wayward broncho, but nothing ever like this. This was the wildest ride I ever made, but I was too much into the chase to have the prudence to rein up my horse.

Down, down the sloping side of the mountain, jumping shelving rocks, over washouts and sagebrush and up sharp points, down an incline of twenty-five degrees, the band of the horses, he went at full speed, without once losing his footing, when it seemed that every jump was sufficient to drive his shoulders out of place, and, reaching the plain below, without a tremor he came away across the flats. The band was on the plains as soon as we, running with the untiring energy of a steam engine.

Now using whip, I urged my brave horse at the top of his speed for another mile and a half. When he began to run hard and slacken his pace, this band, after running at the top of their speed for over seven miles, would have gotten away from me entirely had I not been relieved by a rider from the foot-hills, who, running them hard for a mile, by the merest chance headed them towards another band that had been brought to a standstill by other riders and ran them into it. It was the greatest exhibition of horse endurance that I had ever seen.

I arrived at the ranch about sundown, driving a miscellaneous herd of about two hundred, having in it fifteen or twenty big geldings that we wanted for the corral. The next morning a band was for the eight riders to be stationed all around the band and ride in that way to the corral. The next morning the horses were so sore and bruised in their feet that they could hardly walk, and when left alone would at once lie down. Taking a fresh lot of saddle-horses, we followed up the chase until the allotted number had been run in.

Taking this band of 100 big wild geldings to the nearest station on the Northern Pacific Railway, twenty miles away, was no easy task. Ten riders on good horses formed a ring around the herd and maintained that position throughout the drive. Watching closely the intervening gaps, until they were securely locked in the stock yards at Gallatin Station.

J. HENRY LOCKE.

We saw a day or two since a farmer putting piles of stable manure in the trunks of trees, which is very much as if a man were fed by placing food at his feet. The feeding roots of trees always extend farther than their branches. The roots of the branches meet the roots of the trunk, and in this way to feed such trees is to deposit manure in the middle of the rows between the trees where the feeding roots are, rather than at the base where the roots are the largest to assimilate nourishment.—Exchange.

WAKEMAN.

Old World Wanderings of the Poet Traveler.

THE "YORKSHIRE BLACKSMITH"

Round About Bolton Abbey, Wharfedale and Old Ilkley—Charming Memories of Robert Collyer's Boyhood Home.

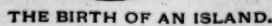
COPYRIGHT, 1891—SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

ILKLEY, ENGLAND, April 18.—Where the fierce winds of the German ocean meet the wild winds from the Irish sea, and both, in savage convulsions, roll icy fog banks along the barren hills, lies a little vale, set like a nest between the highest Yorkshire moors. This is Wharfedale. All around are dreariness of scenery and the grimness and hardness of countless miles. But within this one vale, as in blessed compensation, are numberless winsome spots and scenes. Ilkley, quaint and old in its character, is a picture of life, and new from the innovations of rich, lowly drawn hither by the hygienic wells, and from very love of the sweet old spot, as Ruskin and Turner were, is the Wharfedale's tiny metropolis. It was the *vicus* of the Romans, *Alia Sancta*, its ancient church, stands on the site of a former Roman fort and station. The entire region round about is filled with Pictish and Druidic remains, while the village sides and craggy moorlands, are exquisitely set with heaths and copse, lawns and bloom, with here and there the walls of ancient manor house or battlemented turret showing stately against the outjutting of the crags above.

Unnumbered English antiquarians, naturalists and tourists come to Wharfedale. All visit the classic shades of Bolton Abbey, four miles above Ilkley. Few Americans have seen it because of its remoteness. The ancient priory was founded in 1131, and assigned to a Cistercian house, best told in Rogers' ballad, "The Boy of Egremond." Lady Alice, wife of William Fitz-Duncan, nephew to King David of Scotland, was the founder. Just a little above the priory the Wharfe is comparatively tame, a deep, trout-like, rocky channel called the Strid, because one can stride or leap across it. The son of Lady Alice attempted to cross the Strid leading a hound in leash. The latter, suddenly shrinking back, precipitated her into the water, and she was drowned. In a dolomitic memory, Bolton Abbey was built. Among all the abbey ruins of Great Britain, Bolton, blended with its surroundings, is certainly the most attractively picturesque. It is incomparably more interesting as an ecclesiastical relic; it is buried by the ruins of the priory church, which is an impressive ruin in its superstructure; and the priory is more perfect, spacious and splendid; but Bolton Abbey stands as both an impressive and picturesque old shrine in a perfect dream of natural beauty and repose.

The ruins are situated on the west side of the Wharfe, upon a gentle grassy eminence, where the river cuts its way to the east, breaking in rippling shallows along its sunny way. The ancient convent walls are so fallen in places as to be overgrown with grass and shrubbery; other portions of the wall still stand high and lofty, and in their lofty columns, the names of the priory, the shell of the great priory church is yet entire, and into its splendid nave has been built a parochial chapel—almost a type of a true faith still clinging to its mother Church, while the faintest light of the sun, breaking in rippling shallows along its sunny way. The ancient convent walls are so fallen in places as to be overgrown with grass and shrubbery; other portions of the wall still stand high and lofty, and in their lofty columns, the names of the priory, the shell of the great priory church is yet entire, and into its splendid nave has been built a parochial chapel—almost a type of a true faith still clinging to its mother Church, while the faintest light of the sun, breaking in rippling shallows along its sunny way. The ancient convent walls are so fallen in places as to be overgrown with grass and shrubbery; other portions of the wall still stand high and lofty, and in their lofty columns, the names of the priory, the shell of the great priory church is yet entire, and into its splendid nave has been built a parochial chapel—almost a type of a true faith still clinging to its mother Church, while the faintest light of the sun, breaking in rippling shallows along its sunny way.

Outside of all quaint and pleasant things about old Ilkley, it is a delightful place to visit, from the human interest of the town and its neighborhood. There are a number of that sweet singer, Bishop Heber, and the great poet, William Wordsworth, Fairfairs, whose noble blood was transfused to our own Virginia. It was the passionately loved haunt of Turner, who never spoke of sweet Wharfedale "without a quivering of the voice; while Ruskin, the great painter, and the great poet, William Wordsworth, Fairfairs, whose noble blood was transfused to our own Virginia. It was the passionately loved haunt of Turner, who never spoke of sweet Wharfedale "without a quivering of the voice; while Ruskin, the great painter, and the great poet, William Wordsworth, Fairfairs, whose noble blood was transfused to our own Virginia. 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Dear Mrs. Otis: Seeing so many letters in THE TIMES from the boys and girls, I thought that I would write and tell you about a trip I took to San Diego to attend the State teachers' institute with Prof. Hutchinson, who wrote the report for THE TIMES. I think that some of the boys and girls who read THE TIMES may like to hear what I saw on the trip.

Howard Fielding's Sad Story of a Young Man.

His uncle's only heir.

Mapping the World.
[Goldwaite's Geographical Magazine.]

Almost the whole of Europe has been covered by the theodolite. In the Balkan States, where the ignorant and unscientific Turk has done almost nothing to map the country that was long under his control, the work has been done for him by the enterprising Austrians and the Prussians and Germans, who naturally have taken very great interest in mapping the mountainous and debatable quarter of Europe. The first country to undertake these minute surveys was France in 1750, and the work has since progressed in various countries until now the whole of Europe has been mapped in beautiful and elaborate detail. We find, however, that in a large part of Scandinavia, Spain and Eastern Russia, the work makers have neglected the advantages of these details

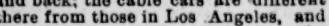


The regular furniture was removed from the dining-room, and the walls almost covered with palm-trees, and a large picture of a landscape, painted over the ceiling. The table was oblong in shape, and the company seated upon couches covered with tiger skins. Light was furnished from a chandelier of antique design, and the walls adorned with medals. The table-cover was bright, gold-colored damask, over which roses were scattered in profusion; the centerpiece was a small fountain with a shell producing an artificial cascade, in which sprang a most charming effect."

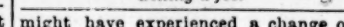
Peterson for May is at hand with its usual variety of attractions, among which are, "Some Curious Rocks and Waterfalls," illustrated articles from the pen of Rodger Young, "A Pretty Room at the Lowest Cost," by Margaret V. Payne shows how an ingenious woman furnished a parlor with wonderful cheapness, and there is an extraordinary piece that made it an extraordinary pretty, artist's room. There are two serials running. The fashion plates give new and effective directions, and the household department is filled with things worth knowing. (*Peterson Magazine*, Philadelphia.)

The New England Magazine for April contains several notable articles on subjects which cannot but interest, not only New Englanders, but Americans generally. The number is, "The United States."

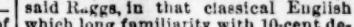
hinged cover like a trap-door, which enables the owner to shut out its pursuer. Another very peculiar spider of this class was found to have the power of closure to the aperture of its burrow; but as its abdomen is as hard as leather behind, and truncated to form a perfect circle, the inference has been drawn that when pursued it simply plunges into its hole and tops up the entrance with its own body. Figure 3 gives a side view of this spider, and Figure 4 a diagram, in section, of its position in the supposed act of closing the door to its dwelling. And presenting a shiny burrow



direction and it was found not to absorb water. It is about 20 per cent lighter than a wooden boat of the same dimensions and the cost is merely nominal after a mold has been made. The gig just completed for the Government will cost \$1,500, which is about the cost of a wooden boat, but future papagigs can be constructed at a little above the expense of the materials. The gig will be placed on one of the

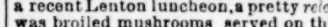


His uncle's only heir.

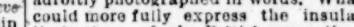


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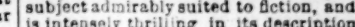


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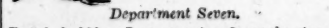


Peterson for May is at hand with its usual variety of attractions, among which are, "Some Curious Rocks and Waterfalls," illustrated articles from the pen of Rodger Young, "A Pretty Room at the Lowest Cost," by Margaret V. Payne shows how an ingenious woman furnished a parlor with wonderful cheapness, and there is an extraordinary piece that made it an extraordinary pretty picture artist. There are two serials running. The fashion plates give new and effective directions, and the household department is filled with things worth knowing. (*Peterson Magazine*, Philadelphia.)

The New England Magazine for April contains several notable articles on subjects which cannot but interest, not only New Englanders, but Americans generally. The number is, "The United States."

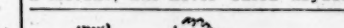


hinged cover like a trap-door, which enables the owner to shut out its pursuer. Another very peculiar spider of this class was found to have the power of closure to the aperture of its burrow; but as its abdomen is as hard as leather behind, and truncated to form a perfect circle, the inference has been drawn that when pursued it simply plunges into its hole and tops up the entrance with its own body. Figure 3 gives a side view of this spider, and Figure 4 a diagram, in section, of its position in the supposed act of closing the door to its dwelling. And presenting a shiny burrow

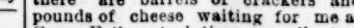


—CHAS. A. GARDNER

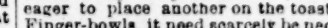
Uncle Sam's Paper Boats.
[New York Tribune.]



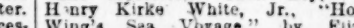
His uncle's only heir.



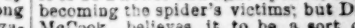
Mapping the World.
[Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine.]



English letters, but in Grecian phraseology. Several of the answers received were in the Greek language. The regular furniture was removed.



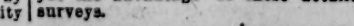
Peterson for May is at hand with usual variety of attractions, among



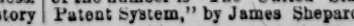
litter found near the spot, and has a hinged cover like a trap-door, which enables the owner to shut out its pursuer. Another very



this conversation that I began to p



There is many a lesson that his



1, a the foe.

